THE

Lady's *Dressing-Room.*

A

POEM.

By *******.

The Second EDITION.

LONDON, Printed, and *DUBLIN*, Reprinted, in the Year 1732.

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THE LADY'S Dreſſing-Room, &c.

FIVE Hours, and who can do it leſs in?
By haughty *Cœlia* ſpent in Dreſſing;
The Goddeſs from her Chamber iſſues
Array'd in Lace, Brocade and Tiſſues.

Strephon, who found the Room was void,
And *Betty* otherwiſe employ'd,
Stole in, and took a ſtrict Survey
Of all the Litter, as it lay,
Whereof to make the Matter clear
An Inventory follows here:

And firſt a dirty Smock appear'd,
Beneath the Armpits well beſmear'd,
Strephon the Rogue diſplay'd it wide,
And turn'd it round on ev'ry ſide,

On ſuch a Point, few Words are beſt,
And *Strephon* bids us gueſs the reſt,
But ſwears how damnably the Men lye,
In calling *Cœlia* ſweet and cleanly;

Now liſten while he next produces,
The various Combs for various Uſes,
Fill'd up with Dirt ſo cloſely fixt,
No Bruſh cou'd force a Way betwixt.
A Paſte of Compoſition rare,
Sweat, Dandriff, Powder, Lead and Hair;
A Forehead Cloath with Oyl upon't,
To ſmooth the Wrinkles on her Front,
Here Allum Flower to ſtop the Steams;
Exhal'd from ſour unſavoury Streams,
There Night Gloves made of *Tripſey*'s Hide,
The Bitch bequeath'd her when ſhe dy'd,
With Puppy Water, Beauties help,
Diſtill'd from *Tripſey*'s darling Whelp.
Here Gally-pots and Vials plac'd,
Some fill'd with Waſhes, ſome with Paſte,
Some with Pomatums, Paints and Slops,
And Ointments good for ſcabby Chops.
Hard by a filthy Baſon ſtands,
Fowl'd with the ſcow'ring of her Hands.
The Baſon takes whatever comes,
The ſcraping from her Teeth and Gums,
A naſty Compound of all Hues,
For here ſhe Spits, and here ſhe Spues,

But

But O! it turn'd poor *Strephon*'s Bowels,
When he beheld and ſmelt the Towels,
Begumm'd, bematter'd and beſlim'd,
With Dirt, and Sweat, and Ear-wax grim'd.
No Object *Strephon*'s Eye eſcapes;
Here Pettycoats in frowzy Heaps,
Nor be the Handkerchiefs forgot,
All varniſh'd o're with Snuff and Snot,
The Stockings why ſhould I expoſe,
Stain'd with the Marks of ſtinking Toes,
Or greaſy Coifs and Pinners reeking,
Which *Cælia* ſlept at leaſt a Week in.
A pair of Tweezers next he found,
To pluck her Brows in Arches round,
Or Hairs that ſink the Forehead low,
Or on her Chin like Briſtles grow.
The virtues we muſt not let paſs
Of *Cælia*'s magnifying Glaſs,
When frighted *Strephon* caſt his Eye on't,
It ſhew'd the Viſage of a Gyant,
A Glaſs that can to Sight diſcloſe,
The ſmalleſt Worm in *Cælia*'s Noſe,
And faithfully direct her Nail,
To ſqueeze it out from Head to Tail;
For catch it nicely by the Head,
It muſt come out alive or dead.

Why *Strephon* will you tell the reſt,
And muſt you needs deſcribe the Cheſt,

That careleſs Wench! no Creature warn her,
To move it out from yonder Corner.
But leave it ſtanding full in Sight,
For you to exerciſe your Spight;
In vain the Workman ſhew'd his Wit,
With Rings and Hinges counterfeit,
To make it ſeem in this Diſguiſe,
A Cabinet to vulgar Eyes,
Which *Strephon* ventur'd to look in,
Reſolv'd to go thro' thick and thin,
He lifts the Lid, there needs no more,
He ſmelt it all the Time before.
As from within *Pandora*'s Box,
When *Epimetheus* op'd the Locks,
A ſudden univerſal Crew,
Of human Evils upwards flew,
ſtill was comforted to find,
Hope at laſt remain'd behind:
ephon lifting up the Lid,
view what in the Cheſt was hid,
Vapours flew from up the Vent,
Strephon cautious, never meant
e bottom of the Pan to grope,
nd foul his Hands in Search of Hope.
never may ſuch vile Machine
once in *Celia*'s Chamber ſeen,
may ſhe better learn to keep,
hoſe Secrets of the hoary Deep,

As Mutton-Cutletts, prime of Meat,
Which tho' with Art you ſalt and beat,
As Laws of Cookery require,
And toaſt them at the cleareſt Fire;
If from a-down the hopeful Chops,
The Fat upon a Cinder drops,
To ſtinking Smoke it turns the Flame,
Pois'ning the Fleſh from whence it came;
And up exhales a greater Stench,
For which you curſe the careleſs Wench;
So things which muſt not be expreſt,
When drop'd into the reeking Cheſt,
Send up an excremental Smell,
To taint the Part from whence they fell,
The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,
Which waft a Stink round ev'ry Room.
Thus finiſhing his grand Survey,
Diſguſted *Strephon* ſlunk away,
Repeating in his Amorous Fits,
Oh! *Celia, Celia, Celia* S—ts.

But Vengeance, Goddeſs, never ſleeping,
Soon puniſh'd *Strephon* for his peeping.
His foul Imagination links
Each Dame he ſees, with all her Stinks,
And if unſavoury Odours fly,
Conceives a Lady ſtanding by.

All Women his Deſcription fits,
And both Ideas jump like Wits,
By vicious Fancy coupled faſt,
And ſtill appearing in Contraſt,
I pity wretched *Strephon*, blind
To all the Charms of Female Kind.

Should I the Queen of Love refuſe,
Becauſe ſhe roſe from ſtinking Ooze?
To him that looks behind the Scene,
Statira's but ſome pocky Quean.
When *Celia* in her Glory ſhews,
If *Strephon* would but ſtop his Noſe,
Who now ſo impiouſly blaſphemes
Her Ointments, Daubs, and Paints, and Creams;
Her Waſhes, Slops, and ev'ry Clout,
With which he makes ſo foul a Rout,
He ſoon would learn to think like me,
And bleſs his raviſh'd Sight to ſee
Such Order from Confuſion ſprung,
Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.

FINIS.